

We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,  
By resolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,  
The hand could plucke her backe, that shoud her on.  
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,  
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know  
My idlenesse doth hatch.

*Enter Enobarbus.*

How now Enobarbus.

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, Sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why then we kill all our Women. We see how  
mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-  
parture death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die.  
It were pittie to cast them away for nothing, though be-  
tweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed  
nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyle of this,  
dies instantly: I haue seene her dye twenty times vpon  
farre poorer moment: I do thinke there is mettle in death,  
which commits some louing acte vpon her, she hath such  
a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past mans thought.

*Eno.* Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing,  
but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds  
and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes  
and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot  
be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine  
as well as loue.

*Ant.* Would I had neuer seene her.

*Eno.* Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull  
peece of worke, which not to haue bene blest withall,  
would haue discredited your Trauaile.

*Ant.* *Fulvia* is dead.

*Eno.* Sir,

*Ant.* *Fulvia* is dead.

*Eno.* *Fulvia*?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why sir, giue the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice:  
when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man  
from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: com-  
forting therein, that when olde Robes are worn out,  
there are members to make new. If there were no more  
Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the  
case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Conso-  
lation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate,  
and indeed the teares lie in an Onion, that should water  
his sorrow.

*Ant.* The businesse she hath broached in the State,  
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the businesse you haue broach'd heere can-  
not be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which  
wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light Answers:

Let our Officers

Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake  
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,  
And get her loue to part. For not alone  
The death of *Fulvia*, with more vrgent touches  
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too  
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,  
Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*  
Haue giuen the dare to *Cesar*, and commands  
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,  
Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,

Till his deserts are past, begin to throw  
*Pompey* the great, and all his Dignities  
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,  
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp  
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,  
The sides o'th world may danger. Much is breeding,  
Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,  
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,  
To such whose places vnder vs, require  
Our quicke remoue from hence.

*Enob.* I shall doo't.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is,

Whose with him, what he does:

I did not send you. If you finde him sad,

Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report

That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.

*Char.* Madam, me thinks if you did loue him dearly,

You do not hold the method, to enforce

The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Ch.* In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fooler the way to lose him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbeare,

In time we hate that which we often feare.

*Enter Anthony.*

But heere comes Anthony.

*Cleo.* I am sicke, and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose,

*Cleo.* Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,

It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature

Will not sustaine it.

*Ant.* Now my deereft Queene.

*Cleo.* Pray you stand farther from mee.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know by that same eye ther's some good news.

What sayes the married woman you may goe?

Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.

Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,

I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

*Ant.* The Gods best know.

*Cleo.* Oh neuer was there Queene

So mightily betrayed: yet at the first

I saw the Treasons planted.

*Ant.* *Cleopatra*.

*Cleo.* Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,

(Though you in swearing shake the Throned Gods)

Who haue bene false to *Fulvia*?

Riotous madnesse,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,

Which breake themselves in swearing.

*Ant.* Most sweet Queene.

*Cleo.* Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and goe:

When you sused staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then,

Eternity was in our Lippen, and Eyes,

Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,

But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,

Or thou the greatest Soulaier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest Liar.

*Ant.* How now Lady?

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Heare me Queene:

The strong necessity of Time, commands

Our Seruicles a-while: but my full heart

Remaines in vs with you. Our Italy,

Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*

Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,

Equality of two Domestike powers,

Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength

Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,

Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps apace

Into the hearts of such, as haue not thrined

Vpon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,

And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge

By any desperate change: My more particular,

And that which most with you should safe my going,

Is *Fulvia's* death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not giue me freedom

It does from childishnesse. Can *Fulvia* dye?

*Ant.* She's dead my Queene.

Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read

The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,

See when, and where shee died.

*Cleo.* O most false Loue!

Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill

With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,

In *Fulvia's* death, how mine recei'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know

The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,

As you shall giue th'advice. By the fire

That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence

Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warte,

As thou affects.

*Cleo.* Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,

But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,

So *Anthony* loues.

*Ant.* My precious Queene forbeare,

And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands

An honourable Triall.

*Cleo.* So *Fulvia* told me.

I pray thee tune aside, and weepe for her,

Then bid adieu to me, and say the teares

Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene

Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke

Like perfect Honor.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood no more?

*Cleo.* You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now by Sword.

*Cleo.* And Target. Still he meads.

But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,

How this Herculean Roman do's become

The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* Ile leaue you Lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous Lord, one word:

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:

Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:

That you know well, something it is I would:

Oh, my Obluion is a very *Anthony*,

And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your Royalty

Holds Idlenesse your subiect, I should take you

For Idlenesse it selfe.

*Cleo.* 'Tis swearing Labour,

To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart

As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgive me,

Since my becommings kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,  
Therefore be deafe to my vnpietied Polly,  
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword  
Sit Lawrell victory, and smooch successe  
Be strew'd before your secte.

*Ant.* Let vs go.

Come: Our separation so abides and flies,

That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;

And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.

Away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus,  
and their Traine.*

*Ces.* You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,  
It is not *Cesar's* Naturall vice, to hate  
One great Competitor. From Alexandria  
This is the newes: He fishes, drinckes, and wastes  
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike  
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolemy*  
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience  
Or vouchsafed to thinke he had Partners. You  
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abstracts of all faults,  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not thinke  
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse:  
His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heauen,  
More fierie by nights Blacknesse; Hereditarie,  
Rather then purchaste: what he cannot change,  
Then what he chooseth.

*Ces.* You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not  
Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,  
To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit  
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slave,  
To reele the streets at noone, and Rand the Buffer  
With knaues that smels of sweate: Say this becomes him  
(As his composure must be rare indeed,  
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*  
No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare  
So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd  
His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,  
Full surfets, and the drinck of his bones,  
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,  
That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd  
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:  
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,  
Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebell to iudgement.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Heere's more newes.  
*Mes.* Thy biddings haue bene done, & euery houre  
Most Noble *Cesar*, shalt thou haue report  
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,  
And it appeares, he is belou'd of those  
That only haue feard *Cesar*: to the Ports  
The discontents repaire, and mens reports  
Giue him much wrong'd.

*Ces.* I should haue knowne no lesse,  
It hath bin taught vs from the primall State  
That he which is was wisht, vntill he were:  
And the ebb'd man,  
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,  
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,  
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Straine,  
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde

To